

E. A. B.

Dedicated to
HON. JOHN WENTWORTH ESQ.
MAYOR OF CHICAGO



I'm so happy I've forgotten what I'm singing

BALLAD

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

Ossian E. Dodge.



CHICAGO

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I'M SO HAPPY, I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT I'M SINGING!

Words and Music by OSSIAN E. DODGE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. You ask me for a dit-ty, . And to
2. I loved a charming maiden For her

please you ladies all, Though neither wise nor witty, I will answer to your call: Your
mild and gen-tle mien, Her lips were honey-laden And the sweetest ev-er seen; Her

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The voice part begins with a whole rest for four measures. The piano accompaniment starts with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The lyrics are divided into two verses. The first verse is: '1. You ask me for a dit-ty, . And to'. The second verse is: '2. I loved a charming maiden For her'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, featuring chords and moving lines in both hands. The lyrics continue: 'please you ladies all, Though neither wise nor witty, I will answer to your call: Your mild and gen-tle mien, Her lips were honey-laden And the sweetest ev-er seen; Her'.

thoughts I will be bringing To the things that ladies do— O dear what am I singing?— O
 voice was sweet and ringing When she promised to be true— O dear what am I singing?— O

I d'know, do you? I'm so happy, I've forgotten, I never can get through; O
 I d'know, do you?

dear what am I singing?— O I d'know, do you? I'm so happy, I've forgotten, I

I'm so happy &c.

never can get through; O dear, what am I singing?— O I d'know, do you?

3.

The cunning maid in sporting
Will declare, upon her life,
She's never fond of courting,
But will strive to be your wife;
And in your ear be dinning,
What to woman's rights are true—
O dear, what am I singing?—
O I d'know, do you?
I'm so happy, &c.

4.

One evening as I tarried
With an old and wrinkled maid,
She said, "she wasn't married,
And I mustn't be afraid;"
Her breath was sharp and stinging,
When her arms around me flew—
O dear, what am I singing?—
O I d'know, do you?
I'm so happy, &c.

Pearson, Eng'r.

I'm so happy &c.



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